THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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For The Dayspring.

"RETURN TO THY REST."

(A RHYMED SERMON TO A SUNDAY-SCHOOL.)

THERE once was a preacher, in very old time,
Whose sermons, in great part, were written in rhyme;
And it would not be strange if, at some future day,
Some of *you* who now hear my effusions should say:
When children we heard things in metre preached o'er,
Which our parents had heard preached in prose long before.
Well, whether to-day it prove sermon or song,
One thing I can promise, it will not be long.
I 've sung to you winter and summer and spring,
The praises of autumn to-day I would sing.
When the blaze and the bustle of summer is o'er,
And quiet returns to the mountains and shore;
When the fiery dog-star, with furious heat,
Hath ceased on the heads of poor mortals to beat;
When the clear, crystal glass of the cooler air shows
That the year is beginning to draw to its close;
When, at night-fall, the crickets' monotonous chime
Seems chanting the dirge of the sweet summer-time;
When the sun veers to southward, and milder his rays,
And the harvest-moon glows through the soft evening-haze;
Though pleasures full many with summer depart,
Yet autumn brings comfort and peace to the heart.
As the bird in the evening flies home to her nest,
And pipes a last hymn as she sinks to her rest;
As the bee, honey-laden, comes home from his toil
To the hive, with contentment, to store his sweet spoil;
As the laboring man, when his day's work is o'er,
Is glad to come back to his roof-tree once more:
E'en so when the noon-day of summer is gone,
And the year's tranquil eventide, autumn, comes on,
The heart, with sweet memories laden, returns
To its rest, and the pure flame of gratitude burns;
And, touched with earth's moments of beauty and bliss,
We muse on a world that is fairer than this.

So now, in the quiet and cool of the year,
We gather again in our Sunday-school here.
"But we do not come here to rest," you will say,
"Like bee, bird, and laborer at close of the day.
We come to a school-room, a work-room, — not *nest:*
We come here to labor and study, — not rest."
All this you say rightly, and I say so too:
The harvest of earth is the seed-time for you.
When the fruits of the earth men are gathering in,
And storing for winter in barn and in bin,
'Tis the very best time, by experience 'tis found,
For sowing and tilling the *inner man's* ground.
But work is not drudgery, not if the heart
With contentment and joy in the labor takes part.
"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy;
All play and no work makes Jack a mere toy."
But of all healthy-natured, true youth we may say,
Their play will be work, and their work will be play.
And all who put heart in their labor will find
Refreshment and rest in the toil of the mind.
And is it not plain, too, that people who shirk
All labor find idleness very hard work?
Time's wings seem to hang on the lazy man's head
As if they were made not of feathers, but lead.
There *are* men and women, alas! not a few,
Who are *heavily laden* with "nothing to do."
For them, too, the Lord's invitation is meant,
To them in pure mercy the message is sent:
"Ye bond-slaves of indolence, would ye be free?
Take *my* yoke upon you; learn wisdom of me.
To rest and refreshing your souls I invite;
For my yoke is easy, my burden is light."
And so, as I call to remembrance to-day
The words of the Psalmist of Israel, and say,
'Tis autumn, Return, O my soul, to thy rest,
For the Lord with his bounty thy summer has blessed, —
I mean not the rest of an idle repose,
But the rest of a soul that with gratitude glows;
Not that of the sluggard to slumber resigned,
But the rest of a wakeful and diligent mind;
The peace which the Father in heaven imparts
To thoughtful and thankful and heaven-seeking hearts.
A summer of bliss and of beauty we've seen, —
Above us the blue, and beneath us the green;
And around us on all sides the glory of God,
In stars of the sky and in flowers of the sod.
We have lived in the smile of His glorious face,
On the bountiful gifts of his goodness and grace.
What service of love to the Father we owe,
Whose rivers of love inexhaustibly flow!

We come, then, once more, in the quiet and cool
Afternoon of the year, to our loved Sunday-school.
How sweet and how sacred the memories that
throng
This place of our study, communion, and song!
When the trees of the summer their foliage have
shed,
The broader and brighter the skies overhead.
When the glare and the bustle of daylight depart,
The silence of starlight speaks down to the heart.
And so as earth's beauty and joy fade from sight,
Heaven's glory breaks forth more transcendently
bright.
The forms of the dear ones, who passed up on high
To the heavenly communion, in spirit draw nigh.
They tell of a summer whose leaf never fades;
Of a sky whose serenity death never shades;
They cry, It is morning! the night-shades take
flight!
Walk, children of God, as the children of light.

C. T. B.

NEWPORT, Sept. 8, 1878.

For The Dayspring.

GRACE'S TRIALS.

PART FOUR.

CHAPTER VII. — *The Freshet.*

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

THERE was a very heavy rain all that night; and the next day, when Grace went to school, she met some of the girls, much excited with news of a freshet, and how the water had risen round the houses in the meadow, and how there had been fear that the new dam up the river might give way, and how the houses on the low "marsh" were flooded already.

After school, as the sky had cleared a little, Grace, and Mattie Pendleton, and Jessie set out to walk to the river with some of the girls, to see the effects of the freshet.

"What fun!" exclaimed Jessie when they reached the scene of action. The river had indeed risen above the low banks, almost to the road, and some of the low houses were standing deep in water, and families driven out were trying to rescue their property in boats. Men and boys were going about on rafts, picking up hen-coops and stray pigs, and trying to collect the pots and kettles and furniture that were flung from the higher windows.

Grace could not help laughing at some of the odd scenes, though she said she felt sorry enough for the people.

"I don't know," said Jessie: "it must be fun to have to leave one's house in a tub. I always wanted to try."

Suddenly Grace exclaimed, "O girls! let us go up round the corner of the road!"

"What for?" asked Jessie.

"The Gershom House. Do let us hurry up to it!" exclaimed Grace. "You know that man just said the water had risen higher than ever was known before."

"But it could not have reached the Gershom House," said Mattie, hurrying on with Grace; "for it stands on a little bank."

"And what do you care for the Gershom House?" asked Jessie, running breathless by her side.

"Oh! you know it is Hopestill Summers's," panted Grace. "She was not at school this morning, and she always comes. Oh! why didn't we think of her?"

"But she lives over on the hill," said Mattie.

"Yes: there would have been no use in thinking," said Jessie.

"No: they moved into the Gershom House only a month ago, Hopestill told me," said Grace, still pushing on. "And she told how her mother is not strong, and how convenient it was for her to sleep in one of the large lower rooms, so that she

need not have to go up-stairs; and her father has gone to California."

"Well, I don't see how you ever get so much talk out of her," said Jessie. "I did not suppose she could say any thing but explain the predicate. She's a regular Latin Grammar herself."

"It must be something remarkable that would keep her from school," said Mattie. "I am almost afraid to reach the bend of the road." The girls hurried on: and, when they did turn the corner, they saw before them the Gershom House in the midst of what seemed a wide lake; the water washing the steps of the front door, and separating it from the road that wound along the high bank.

Grace ran to the point nearest to the house. "What are you about?" cried Jessie. "You don't mean to swim over?"

"I mean to see if anybody is in the house," answered Grace.

But, as they came near enough, they could see Hopestill Summers at the window nearest the road.

"O Grace Lester! is it you?" she called out, "I am so glad to see some one! Can you come and help me, just for a few minutes?"

"Oh yes, indeed!" said Grace, running to the edge of the water; "but how can we help you?"

"There is Pat Murphy with a raft," said Hopestill. "If you are not afraid to come, he will bring you over."

"Oh, we will all come!" shouted Jessie. "It is just what I have been wanting, — to go to sea on a raft."

"I am afraid there is not room for but one," said Hopestill. "Pat has made it out of a door."

"O Grace! you are not going to venture on that thing," said Mattie, much frightened.

"It is only a little way to the house just here," said Hopestill; "and the water is not deep."

Grace had not much courage usually; but she could not resist Hopestill's appeal. "Jessie, you hold my school-books, and wait for me; and I will go over with Pat, and see what Hopestill wants."

"We might go and call the neighbors," said Mattie.

"There are no neighbors," said Hopestill. "I have not seen a human being to-day. I have been watching all the morning."

By this time Grace had placed herself tremblingly on the raft.

"It is jolly! I have a great mind to join," exclaimed Jessie.

But Pat Murphy pushed off the shore with a broomstick he was using for an oar, and Grace was safely landed on the upper door-step. Hopestill let her in at the front door.

"I am so thankful to see you!" said Hopestill. "I am trying to help mother up-stairs; and, what with Benny and the baby, I find I can't do it alone. Mother didn't like to have me leave the baby up there while I came down for her, and she does not realize how the water is coming into the lower part of the house. It is just like taking the fox and the geese across in the boat: I can't leave Benny with the baby, because sometimes he's violent and bangs him, just when he wants to be most affectionate; and I can't leave him alone, either."

"I will take up the baby and Benny," said Grace, lifting the baby out of Hopestill's arms. She was used to carrying Dolly; but this baby was younger, and she hardly knew which end to take first.

"If you will take Benny up too," said Hopestill, "he will be out of the way

when I help mother. He is a trouble about getting under one's feet."

So Grace found. Benny was just old enough to stumble about against every thing. He was pulling at her skirts, and feeling of the scallops of her boots, as she made her way up-stairs, while Hopestill went to help her mother. Grace felt as if it were quite time; for the water washed over the threshold as Hopestill was closing the front door, and there was already a damp, musty smell in the lower part of the house.

She reached the top of the stairs at last. It was a large, old-fashioned house. A wide hall ran through the middle of it. As she went towards the front window with the baby in her arms, and Benny clinging behind, she heard a shout from the girls outside. When she reached the window, there were Jessie and Mattie on the bank, waving their hands, and pointing down the river, where Pat was disappearing with his raft.

"We could not make him stay," said Mattie. "He said he could not stop to go back for you."

"What fun!" exclaimed Jessie. "You can't get back. I am so sorry I did not go over with you!"

"What shall I do?" exclaimed Grace. "Do you see anybody about?"

"Not a mortal soul!" said Jessie. "I suppose all the men and boats are down by the village."

"We will go and find somebody," said Mattie, in an agony of anxiety for Grace; "we will get somebody to come in a boat for you."

"Yes," said Jessie, turning away: "we will go for rescue."

"If you will only go and tell them at home," Grace cried to the girls. "O Jessie! will you go home and tell papa? He will be there, for it is just dinner-time, and he will come up for me; and tell him about Mrs. Summers. I know she needs his help."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Jessie, as she hastened away; "and I will find Gerald and Jack, and your faithful Crusade will come to your rescue! It is as good as acting out the Crusade. Good-by, deserted heroine! I only wish I were shut up on the desolate island with you!"

While Grace's talk with the girls had been going on, Hopestill had been busy with her mother. She had helped her up-stairs into a room where there was a stove, and where she could make a fire, for the house was damp and chilly. Grace watched the retreating forms of the girls, as they disappeared around the corner; while far away on the water she saw a black speck: it was Pat, paddling his raft along the shore, quite out of reach of her voice.

Hopestill at last joined her. "Mother is all safe and comfortable now," she said. "I have got her into bed. But she has been so nervous this morning I have been afraid to leave her. I am so much obliged to you, Grace; and now you must go back with Pat."

Grace showed her Pat's raft fast disappearing from sight.

"And the girls have gone too," exclaimed Hopestill. "O Grace! I didn't think to give you all this trouble."

"They will go and find somebody to come up and help," said Grace, trying to speak cheerily: "we shall have papa and all the family here before long."

CHAPTER VIII.—*Raining still.*

HOPESTILL was evidently so glad to have some one with her that Grace soon recovered from the dismay that she felt

at first, when she found she could not get away. It had not appeared like "the fun" it seemed to Jessie: on the contrary, it was quite a serious affair.

But now there were Benny and the baby to attend to, and Hopestill's own story of her anxiety of the past night and morning.

"If you can amuse Benny and the baby a little while longer," said Hopestill, "I will see if I can find something for dinner. Mother is inclined to be quiet now I have got her into bed: so I can leave her."

"Do not trouble yourself much about dinner," said Grace, "because papa and all the family will be up here before long; and either they will carry you off, or else they will bring up stores for a long siege. O Hopestill! I begin to think it is fun, as Jessie says."

"We may as well be having dinner," said Hopestill; "for it will take them some time to get back to the village. If you don't object, will you take the children up into the attic, for some bits of old boxes and tea-chests there that will do for kindling? Every thing down-stairs is so wet and musty."

"Such a delightful, old, rambling house!" said Grace, as she again shouldered the baby, and set off on a tour of discovery. "I do admire an attic! Our house has not any, and it seems such a loss."

Grace found plenty of things in the attic, besides the basket of kindlings: some old bonnets, and a warming-pan.

"And in one of the old tea-chests, what do you think I found?" she exclaimed to Hopestill, when she came down: "a handful or two of tea? It smells to me ever so good, though I don't know much about tea!"

Hopestill's eyes brightened. "That will set mother up more than any thing else," she said; "for we have been economizing on tea lately. I am afraid you won't think we have much of a dinner. I have fried up some scraps of ham, and one or two potatoes. Mother will like the tea better than any thing else."

Grace thought the dinner smelt most inviting, and surely nothing ever tasted better. She wished Jessie could see how quickly Hopestill prepared and arranged every thing: she would not think of calling her "nothing but a Latin Grammar."

Mrs. Summers was much cheered by the cup of tea. "Real tea," such as she used to drink long ago, she declared it to be.

"Colonel Gershom told us we were welcome to any thing we could find in the attic," said Hopestill, laughing: "I did not suppose there was so much of a treasure there."

Grace took the two children back to the front windows, after dinner, while Hopestill put away the things. It was time now to be looking out for help; and she sat on the wide window-seat with the baby in her lap, and Benny kneeling up by her side. Which way would they come? by water or by land? Jack and Gerald, she was very sure, would insist upon coming in a boat; but her father's old horse would surely soon be seen turning the corner of the road.

But time passed on, and no one appeared; not a movement on the still water, not a figure to be seen on the deserted road. Hopestill came and joined her. "It has been just so all the morning. I have watched and watched. Now the other road has been made for a short cut to the New Dam, nobody ever comes this way."

"And you were all alone so, all the morning?" exclaimed Grace.

"People are not used to our having moved here," said Hopestill; "and it was only last week that father went away, so they don't think of our being alone. But last night was the worst. I sat up almost all night, for I feared the New Dam might break away, and I watched and watched to see how high the water was coming. It reached the wood-shed at last, for it is on lower ground, and then I heard a strange squealing and walking. It was the rats, driven from the shed into the kitchen!"

"The rats!" exclaimed Grace, with a shudder; and she gave a long, searching look from the window, across the water and down the road.

"I spent half the night pulling up the parlor carpet," continued Hopestill, "and dragging it half-way up the back-stairs, because it was a new one that Uncle Ralph sent us; yet I didn't want to wake mother."

"But the rats must have been the worst," said Grace.

"The rain beat against the windows," said Hopestill, "and I heard a strange sound of the water coming up against the house" —

"And the rats?" again urged Grace.

"They made such an odd noise, I opened the door into the shed, and there they were running up the rafters, squealing piteously, and then they came tumbling into the kitchen."

The baby had fallen asleep in Grace's arms, and Hopestill carried it to her mother, who was very quiet now, and even Benny went off into a nap. Hopestill brought her work-basket to where Grace was sitting, and both looked out again.

Far away down the river could be seen busy people, boats and crowds; but no one approached the house.

"I do think it's odd papa or Jack don't appear," said Grace. "Perhaps papa didn't get home to dinner; but, then, mamma would send somebody."

"Perhaps Jessie stopped to get her dinner," said Hopestill. "But there was Mattie."

"Jessie said she would go directly to our house," said Grace: "I know she would."

"I can't say I think she's very reliable," said Hopestill, giving a jerk to her needle. "If anybody invited her to dinner on the way, she would stop."

"How can you say so?" said Grace, "when she knows what danger we are in, when she promised to tell them at home where she left me?"

"With Jessie, you know," said Hopestill, "number one comes first."

What did Hopestill mean? Grace looked at her with wonder. How could she speak so of Jessie?

"I am very sure Jessie would not forget me," she said, with an injured air.

"I don't think much of Jessie Clare's memory," said Hopestill, winding her thread, with a grip round a button.

"You seem to forget," said Grace, "that Jessie is my particular friend."

"I don't forget that she has been the particular friend of each of the girls of our class in turn, till she got out of us all she wanted," said Hopestill.

"Oh! now that isn't fair," said Grace. "Perhaps she did not take a fancy to you" —

"Stop a minute!" said Hopestill; "for you don't know but she did. Would she ever have got along at all in the Latin class, if somebody had not helped her? And was not I foolish enough to do it? Evening after evening, I worked over her translation with her, and showed her the important parts of the grammar. Then

she found it did not pay to study, and she didn't like it that I would not prompt her in the class; and the fire burned down father's store, and he lost his money; and she didn't think worth while to be my particular friend any longer."

"Hopestill, I can't hear you talk in this way," said Grace, starting up. "Jessie is my own best friend!"

"I won't keep you from her," said Hopestill, starting up too. "If your best friend wants you, let her come for you!" As she got up, Hopestill spilled her basket, and buttons, spools, needle-case, rolled on the floor. Grace laughed as she went down on her knees to pick the things up.

"I can't afford to quarrel with you here, Hopestill: do forgive me."

"I suppose I might be in better business than abusing a friend of yours," said Hopestill: "some other time I will explain why I have a grudge against Jessie. I will forgive it all, if she will come for you. You have stayed here to help me, and I can't thank you enough. What would have become of us if you had not remembered me, I can't think."

"I am glad enough to be here," said Grace, recovering herself: "it seems like a part of our Crusade if I can help you." And Grace went on to explain what the Crusade was to be; though she felt a lump come in her throat when she recalled that Jessie was to be her own particular crusader, her Tancred, and now had she deserted her?

Hopestill was called away again, and Grace began to think that surely Hopestill did not need a separate crusade to busy herself with. Hopestill certainly had plenty of fighting and work to do at home. And Grace, as she looked out over the water, folded her hands, and began to recall the many complaints she had been making at home, lately, of her own "trials." What were they in comparison with Hopestill's? She really believed that she and Mrs. Summers had been starving themselves. Hopestill had confessed she had been taking in sewing, and had spent her evenings in earning something in this way to help along the family. All these things at home she had done, besides keeping up with her studies at the head of school.

And all this time Grace had to be looking for a crusade outside! How glad she was to learn to-day something of Hopestill's life. Only, how was it going to end? Had Jessie really forgotten her? Had Jessie gone away without telling them at home where she was? Perhaps Mattie had left it to Jessie to tell, and Jessie had forgotten?

No, that could not be! Some terrible accident must have happened! For surely her father would have hurried up to her; her mother would certainly think to send something nice to Mrs. Summers. Her own faithful Tancred was only waiting to come in a boat, or in some distinguished way, to help her!

But the short afternoon was passing away; clouds were gathering in the west, and hid the setting sun; and the rain was beginning again to fall heavily.

What had become of Jessie?

To be continued.

EXAMPLE.

We do not pluck our grapes from thorns,
Nor figs of thistles gather:
The evil tree bears evil fruit;
The evil deed brings ill repute;
Good trees bring good fruit ever.

So evil teaching, word or deed,
Doth evil fruit engender;
And our examples, good or ill,
Must blight or bliss, — its end fulfil;
Good follows good for ever.

THE OLD CHURCH IN HINGHAM.

WE present above a very good picture of the Old Church in Hingham, Mass. It was built in 1681, — one hundred and ninety-seven years ago, — and is certainly the oldest church edifice in New England, and probably the oldest in the United States. At first, there were rows of oak seats instead of pews; and those on one side of the house were assigned to the men, and those on the other to the women. There was no ceiling, and it is probable that the walls were unplastered. In 1755 a new pulpit was built, and pews put into the house, — most of them square, as was the fashion at that time. These remained until 1869, when a new arrangement of pews and other important alterations were made in this venerable building; although the pulpit, galleries, and for the most part the exterior, were unchanged. The external appearance must be very much the same to-day as it was one hundred and ninety-seven years ago; while, within, the ancient and the modern blend in beautiful harmony.

The religious society which worships in this ancient edifice has had but seven pastors since its organization, in 1635. One pastorate was sixty-nine years in length, and another sixty-five.

At present, Rev. Calvin Lincoln is senior pastor, and Rev. E. A. Horton junior pastor.

For The Dayspring.

LITTLE FIGURES.

CHAPTER X.

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.

HAVE been at home just a week. Bertie has been my especial care for so long that he seems like my own boy, and I don't think I quite like the idea of sharing him with the rest of the family. They all shouted at the table last night when I asked mother if she was not giving him too many ginger-cakes. They dubbed me "Mother Matildy," upon the spot; and I suppose the name will cling to me for a long time.

I wanted to surprise them at home, so I took the early train from B——, leaving Cousin Elizabeth's at four o'clock in the morning. It was hard work getting Bertie up, and he was like a little lump of lead in my arms all the while I was dressing him. When we came to the table, he inquired piteously, "What the lamp was on for breakfast for. He didn't want any *lamps for his breakfast.*"

"You needn't eat it, goosey," said Annie, who sat in her night-dress, looking at us with sleepy eyes.

"I don't want Annie to say that," whined Bertie.

"What do you want me to say?" she inquired complacently.

"I don't want Annie to *talk any thing.*"

"Dear me!" said I; "he'll go home like a little bear, and they'll think he hasn't gained a bit." But Cousin Elizabeth assured me that he would go to sleep in the car, and he did.

Anxious as I was to get home, I hated to leave B——. It seemed to me that I loved every old stump and stone; and as for the hills, which I had thought so unsympathetic, my affection for them knew no bounds. There was something restful in their very steadfastness. Cousin Elizabeth says that the play of the light and shade upon them seems to her like a pleasant greeting from beyond,—from one "with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

Dear Cousin Elizabeth! I was not afraid of her now; I dared to put my arm around her and tell her that, in her grand strength, she reminded me of those very hills; that she helped and comforted me, just as they did: whereupon she laughed, saying that she knew she must be a "hill of difficulty;" and went off to attend to her cream.

How *strange* it is, this influence which we all carry with us! To some we cling instinctively, growing stronger with their strength. At the same time, all unconsciously we may be stretching out a helping hand to others. This being interwoven so in others' happiness whether we will or no, would be something appalling if we stopped to think about it.

It really seemed as if Cousin Elizabeth were *necessary* to mine. I couldn't help crying when I left her; at which indiscreet exhibition of feeling, Bertie set up a dismal wail, and Cousin Horace took out his handkerchief. I wiped my eyes then: not another tear for me. Ridiculous as it was, I felt, somehow, as if I ought to set my cousin a good example. I think I can see now why his wife never gets out of patience with him: it is because she feels as if she were his mother.

We had a pleasant journey home. For awhile we were the only passengers. With Bertie asleep in my arms, I watched the sun as he came up over the hills. I bade him "good-morning" with childish delight. How delightful it was to get the day's first

greeting! It was like a cheery benediction sent to me, and me alone.

But this harmlessly selfish conceit lasted but a little while. We came rapidly on into the hurry and bustle and heat of the day.

How *many people* there are in the world! How like a very *speck* of humanity it makes one feel, to think of it.

It was nearly dinner-time when we reached home. The station is quite a little distance from our house; but I preferred to walk it: I wanted my surprise to be perfect. Bertie trotted along beside me, — a plump, round-faced boy; quite a contrast to the pale little fellow I had taken away. As we drew near the house, I saw a slender figure pacing the piazza.

"Bertie," said I, "there is sister Marcia."

He looked wonderingly.

"You know she has been sick," said I, "and her pretty hair was all cut off. Run up now, like a good boy, and ask her if she can tell you where Kennebunk Street is."

He ran off as fast as his feet could carry him. I kept out of sight. When he was about two yards from the gate, I heard his clear little voice, "Marcia! Marcia! *Sister Mattie wants to know where Kenne — bunker Street is.*"

Then *such* a time! Marcia hugged Bertie; then came down the walk to meet me, with something like the glow of health upon her cheek; Ruth rushed from the pantry, where she had been making caramels for our especial edification; Mother came down from her chamber, looking wonderfully pretty in her new wrapper; Margaret made her appearance from the kitchen, with a spoon in one hand and a pint cup of flour in the other: and for a while there was a perfect Babel of happiness and confusion, which somewhat conflicting elements were still raging when papa came home to dinner.

This was only a week ago. Now we are rapidly settling down into our old ways again; and, but for Marcia's altered looks and quiet demeanor, we might almost come to think of the events of the summer as a troubled dream. She is getting more and more like her old self, however; for which we are supremely thankful.

"If she'd only *break* something now," Ruth said to me one morning, "I should feel as if we really had our Marcia back again."

And that very afternoon, just as she had filled her cunning little "Cinderella's slipper" with choice fall-flowers, Marcia, by an unlucky movement of her long arm, *whisked* it off the stand in a twinkling, and it lay upon the floor in ruins.

Ruth gave one longing, despairing look, then turned to comfort Marcia, who stood silent, gazing remorsefully upon the scattered pieces.

"I must have put it too near the edge, Marcia."

"No, you didn't," was the quiet reply. "It only means that you'd better look out for your things; for Richard is getting to be himself again."

"That's just what I was wishing for," said Ruth. "To be sure, if I had been consulted, I shouldn't have chosen my dear little glass slipper for the first victim; but, *truly*, Marcia, we've been quiet and, *proper so long* that a smash-up is a positive refreshment. It seems more natural, somehow."

"It won't seem natural to me, though," said Marcia, "till you begin to scold me."

"You careless girl," began Ruth, "when will you ever learn" — but she stopped suddenly; "O Marcia, I can't! Wait till I feel *just* like it. I'm dreadfully afraid

that time *will* come, after all," she added, giving me a significant glance.

But I am really coming to the end of my book. Of course *you* know that all this has been written in the back part of one of papa's old ledgers. Mother says she would have given me something suitable, had she known I was really going to begin as I did; but I like this better. My "little figures" follow the *big figures* quite naturally, and seem very much at home in this old leather-covered volume.

But, before I come to the end of it, I must tell you of my little surprise-party.

Rufus came in quite early one evening, and handed me a letter to read. It was a miserably written, ill-spelled scrawl; but he looked so happy over it that I should have guessed the writer, even if I had not seen the name at the bottom of the sheet. I thought it rather strange that mother and Ruth manifested so little interest in the matter; never dreaming that they had had the first reading, and that my turn had been purposely delayed "for good and sufficient reasons."

It read as follows:—

"Mister heminway. i shant never come back to you skool ime too fur off, but ive got a place to work and ime workin. i dont bleeve I'll go to Sunday Skool Hear. there aint non hear that I want to go too but if i send munny to my mother will you let it go threw youre hands. i'll trust you with it send me your box

"Yours respeckfull Hiram rumrill."

"Isn't that encouraging?" said Rufus.

"Yes," I answered hesitatingly. "It is *rather* encouraging; but you have worked *so hard* with him, and this seems *so little* to get in return."

"It shows that he *believes* in you, at any rate," said Marcia.

"Yes," answered Rufus, "and a thorough confidence in any human being will be a great help to a nature like his. The *good* doesn't have a fair chance with him: it has so much to fight against."

"Poor boy!" said Marcia, pityingly, "he has to work so *hard* for what comes to others of its own accord. I wish we could help him."

"Perhaps we can," said I. "We can go and see his poor, sick mother. She seems the only person in the world whom he really loves. We can be kind to him through her."

So we talked of Rufus's unpromising *protégé*; and we vexed ourselves with the never-to-be-settled question, "Why *is* it that the kingdom of heaven seems so far from some, while others find it at their very doors?" We couldn't help rejoicing that it had not been ordained that we should spend our days in Cleaver's Court; though, as Marcia said, it seemed selfish in us to feel so.

"It's just as if father should let me live in the parlor, and make Ruth take the wood-shed, and I should *thank* him for it," said she. "I know it must be right, or it *wouldn't be;* but I can't understand it."

"No," answered Rufus: "we *can't* understand it. We should have to look a long way backward and a long way forward, and keep a sharp look-out for what is going on round about us at the same time. Our eyes are not strong enough. And we mustn't think that those who live in the parlor are always the happiest. *Parlor trials* are sometimes the heaviest. Ruth might really have a better time in the wood-shed, after all."

"She would, I *know* she would," said I; "for Marcia would be worried to death thinking about her. She would never rest until she had brought her *somehow* into the light and the warmth and the pleasantness."

"That is what Marcia is always *trying* to do, *really*," said Rufus, with an appreciative glance.

Her eyes glistened; but she made no reply. A noise from the dining-room attracted her attention. She rose hastily, and walked toward the door. I was about to follow her, when Rufus stopped me.

"Don't go just yet, Mattie: I want to tell you something."

And "the something" was that his uncle in Cincinnati had offered him a place in his counting-house. He had decided to accept the offer, and would leave us in a month.

I was so surprised that I listened to his plans without a word.

"Well," said he, when he had finished, "have you nothing to say?"

"Only that it will be one of my *corners;* and I *hate* corners."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh! never mind," said I, half impatiently.

"But I *do* mind. Tell me, *please*."

"Well, my life seems to me sometimes like a pleasant street, down which I can look as I walk, and see every thing there is before me. I like that. And then, almost without knowing how and when it happened, I find that I have turned a corner. The scene has changed. Old friends have gone; new ones have come in. Every thing is different. I *hate* corners."

"I *don't*," said he: "I should get tired of the *pleasantest* prospect, if it stretched itself out *persistently* before me all my life, with never a break nor a change."

"And so my going away will make a little corner for you," he added, after a pause.

"I suppose so. We are all so *used* to you now. Marcia will have to commence her music again with another teacher, and what will become of your class?"

"It will fall into good hands, I think."

"And another thing," said I: "it will seem as if you had grown so much older, all of a sudden, — as if you had taken such a long step forward."

"I ought to take a *long step forward*, for mother's sake."

"You will grow into a man *all at once*."

"But you'll have to grow old with me, that's the best of it. You *can't help yourself*."

"It's the *worst* of it," said I, laughing.

"But your old age will come on *with a jump*. I intend that mine shall come gradually and gracefully."

He didn't speak for a moment. That little silence gave me time to think how utterly selfish I had been.

"Rufus," said I, "I am forgetting what a *sharp* corner this is really going to be for you. I do hope you will have something pleasant to look forward to *always, every day*."

"I *shall* have something pleasant to look forward to; I am going to make things better for mother and Mamie. I shall have something pleasant to look *back upon*, too," he added presently; "for I shall never turn a corner *sharp* enough or *dark* enough to hide from me the memory of my old friends."

I had no time to reply, for at this moment the folding-doors were thrown open, and a chorus of youthful voices struck up the familiar "We are little trav'lers." I turned suddenly. There, grouped around the piano, upon which Angie was playing, were my *dear* little "Claverses," — every one of them, — looking at me with wide-open eyes, so expressive of genuine gladness and welcome that I could have hugged them on the spot.

Mr. Kingsbury stood in the background; Miss Janet sat near him, with Jack in her lap; father, mother, Ruth, Marcia, Bertie, — all were there.

For a moment, I wanted to cry; but when Benny Brightman stepped forward and presented me with an illuminated card, upon which shone in bright letters the words, "Speak the Truth," and Mr. Kingsbury returned a funny vote of thanks in my name, I laughed instead.

It was a happy, happy evening. We had songs and games, which the children enjoyed hugely. In the midst of the festivities, Marcia laid violent hands upon Rufus, who suddenly disappeared, but soon returned, accompanied by Jimmie Phelan, who took kindly to our little guests, and seemed at home with them at once.

We had refreshments, of course. It was pleasant to see how the eyes brightened at the sight of the little bouquet which Ruth had put at each plate. The ice-cream was hardly a success. Winnie McBride remarked to her next neighbor that, "if you poured hot-water on it, it would be warmer;" and Ruth overheard Benny Brightman saying to Jimmie Phelan, in expressive under-tone, "By *ginger*, if that *stuff ain't cold!*"

The cake and lemonade, however, were fully appreciated; as was the little bag of luscious pears which each child took home as a parting gift. With these and their bright bouquets, they went away happy.

When they were gone, Angie and I whispered to each other that our labors in Clavers Court had been purely selfish after all: we had had so decidedly the best of it.

We spoke of it afterward to Mr. Kingsbury, and he laughed a little at the selfishness of doing good; but I am not sure that there isn't a sort of selfishness in it, after all: you are always getting the "more blessed" part.

But it is late, and I must write the last few words to *you*, dear patient friend, who have been with me all this while. It is hard to bid you good-bye; for, as I have said, without you I could have written nothing.

I hear mother's footsteps, as she moves lightly about her chamber. Ah! she has seen my light. She is coming.

"Why, Mattie! Not in bed yet? Are you sick?"

"No, mother," I answer: "I am only saying 'good-bye' to my little figures. See! there are *so many* of them!" And I show her the leaves, half proudly.

She smiles,—her own sweet, loving smile,—then she stoops and kisses me. "I must look at them to-morrow. Good-night, daughter!"

"But, mother," I say earnestly, holding her back, "how do people ever end stories? It seems easier to go on writing *for ever* than to stop."

The smile has become a laugh now; but mother shakes her head: she cannot help me.

"Little figures; little figures!" I say, musingly. "They have not *all* been so very *little* either. When Marcia was sick—But I cannot think about that now. We *have her* yet, thank God."

"We must take the 'figures' as they come," says mother, gently. "We must make the most of them. The result is not for us to work out."

Then, once more, she gives me her good-night benediction. I haven't the heart to keep her longer, for I know she is tired and sleepy; but I am still in a dilemma.

Good-night, dear friend! good-night and good-by! I am coming to the very last line of the very last page of my book. What *can* I do but pretend this is a long, long letter, and sign myself,

Yours *very* truly,

MATILDA WOODBURY?

SUNDAY-SCHOOL HINTS.

1. BE in your class promptly at the hour.
2. Make as little noise as possible on entering.
3. When the superintendent's bell rings, then "hark!"
4. Do not whisper during prayer.
5. Be attentive to the instructions of the teacher.
6. Memorize as many verses of the lesson as possible.
7. Do not be in a hurry to leave the school at the close.

I'LL DO IT TO-MORROW.

THERE were two boys in a school I used to go to when I was young, which is about forty years ago. One was remarkable for doing with promptness and perseverance whatever he undertook. The other had the habit of putting off every thing he could. "I'll do it to-morrow," was his motto. "I'll do it now," was the motto of the other boy. The boy who loved to put things off had by far the best natural talent; but he was outstripped in the race of life by his neighbor, whose motto was "I'll do it now." Let that be your motto. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

LISTENING TO EVIL REPORTS.

1. HEAR as little as possible that is to the prejudice of others. 2. Believe nothing of the kind till you are absolutely forced to it. 3. Never drink into the spirit of one who circulates an evil report. 4. Always moderate, as far as you can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others. 5. Always believe that, if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.

For The Dayspring.

GOOD MORNING!

"GOOD MORNING!" speak it in cheerful tone,
With a pleasant smile for every one;
Even as seems the sun to say,
With golden beams of early day,
To all he meets as he goes his way,
"Good morning!"

While the flowers wake in their grassy bed,
And lift up their faces, as if they said,
As they boldly look the sun in the eye,
Or bow to each other lovingly,
With a smile as well for each passer-by,
"Good morning!"

And at break of day on the tree-top is heard
The merry call of the wild-wood bird,
Who sings, though the skies be never so drear,
A song that is full of greeting and cheer,
And says to all who care to hear,
"Good morning!"

And I do not doubt, as to and fro
The robins flit in the morning glow,
They bid "Good morrow" to sparrow and wren;
And oft, indeed, to the thankless men
Who go their way, nor answer again,
"Good morning!"

While they seem to shame the friends who say
These words in such a careless way,
Hurrying by in the busy street;
For who can tell when we next shall meet
The one we scarcely pause to greet
With "Good morning!"

And though, perhaps, our hearts are sad,
May not our smile and our voice be glad,
When we look in the faces of those we love?
For a long farewell the words may prove,
And the next we may speak to angels above
"Good morning!"

RIPPLE.

THE habit of being always employed is a great safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of every virtue.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS for October contains Lessons vi.–ix. of the seventh series. The titles of these four Lessons are "The Prophet Amos," "The Prophet Hosea," "The Captivity of Israel," and "Review." The introduction of selections from the Prophets, and some account of their lives and writings, adds interest and variety to the work. Specimen copies sent on application.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Unitarian Sunday School Society will be held in the Old Meeting-House in Hingham, Mass., Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 16th and 17th. The First Parish in Hingham extends its hospitality to all interested in objects for which the meeting is held, and it is hoped that there will be a large attendance. Essays will be read by Rev. J. C. Kimball, of Hartford, and Rev. J. G. Brooks, of Roxbury, and a sermon preached by Rev. Pitt Dillingham, of Charlestown.

IT is only those that have done nothing who fancy they can do every thing.

HE who speaks an uncharitable word, no matter how wittily, will, if he have a spark of human nature in him, regret that he did so when the occasion is passed.

Puzzles.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

SHE fell in the water, and made a great ——;
The waves closed about her, with many a ——;
Her father he punished her well with a ——,
And then hung her up on the branch of an ——.
To dry. P. Q. Z.

RIDDLE.

WHAT is it man loves more than life,
Fears more than death or mortal strife,
The poor possess, the rich require,
And all contented men desire:
The miser spends, the spendthrift saves,
And all men carry to their graves?

ENIGMA.

I AM a word of letters four;
But yet you may contrive,
By placing me in various forms,
To make me show words five.
My fourth, my third, my second, first,
We all do every day;
My second, first, and third, and fourth,
The ladies oft display.
My fourth, and first, my second, third,
A Jewish name we read;
My second, third, and fourth, and first,
Is very low indeed.
My whole we witness every day,
'Tis known to all mankind,
'Tis seen without, and felt within.
Now, sirs, the answer find.

ANSWER TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

ENIGMA.

Band – it – ti.

EASY ENIGMA.

William Cullen Bryant.

SQUARE WORD.

S H A V E
H A B I T
A B A S H
V I S N E
E T H E R

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